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JAPANESE FAIRY TALES



FIRST SERIES

TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON







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JAPANESE FAIRY TALES

FIRST SERIES



The Japanese mother tells the children fairy tales

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES

RETOLD BY
TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
小川三知
(SANCHI O GAWA)



RAND McNALLY & CO.
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By TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

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THE PREFACE

TO retell any of the stories of the Orient to the children of the Occident and preserve all the original flavor and charm, would be impossible. Still there is much in the story, just as a story, to delight little readers of America, as well as to broaden their sympathies and stimulate new ideas. And our practical little Jonathans and Columbias need a touch of the imagination and poetry embodied in these tales, which have been treasured through hundreds of years by the little ones of Japan.

Every effort has been made to bring Japanese life as vividly as possible before the children by means of the illustrations. Mr. Ogawa, the illustrator, is a native of Japan and a graduate of the Imperial Art School of Tokio, and combines the Japanese artistic instinct and classic tradition with a knowledge of American ideas and methods.

To Mr. Katayama of Tokio I am indebted for great assistance in collecting these stories.

T. P. W.

September, 1904.



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Japanese children at play



THE WONDERFUL TEAKETTLE

THE old priest was very happy. He had found a new treasure. As he climbed the hill to the temple where he lived, he often stopped to pat his beautiful brass teakettle. When he reached the temple he called the three boys who were his pupils.

"See here!" he cried to them. "Just see the beautiful kettle I found in a little shop I passed. I got it very cheap, too."

The boys admired it, but smiled a little to themselves, for they could not see what he wanted of an old brass kettle.



"Now you go on with your studies," said the priest. "I will hear you recite after a while." So the boys went into the next room, and the old priest sat down to admire his prize. He sat and looked at it so

long that he grew sleepy, and nod, bob, went his head until in a moment he was fast asleep.

The boys in the next room studied very hard for a few minutes, but they were boys, and no one was there to see to them, so you can imagine what they were doing by the time the priest was well asleep.



Suddenly they heard a noise in the next room.

"There, the priest is awake," whispered one.

"Oh, dear! Now we'll have to behave," said the second.

The third one was more daring. He crept up and peeped through the screen, to see if it really was the priest. He was just in time to see the new teakettle give a spring into

the air, turn a somersault, and come down a furry little badger with a sharp nose, bushy tail, and four little feet.

How that badger did caper and dance! It danced on the floor. It danced on the table. It danced up the side of a screen. "Oh, my! oh, my!" cried the boy, tumbling back. "It will dance on me next! Oh, my!"

"What are you talking about?" said the other two. "What will dance on you?"

"That goblin will dance on me. I know it will! It danced on the floor and it danced



on the table and it danced on the screen, and now I know it is coming to dance on me!" said the boy.

"What do you mean?" said the others. "There is no goblin here." Then they, too, looked through the screen. There sat the kettle just as it had been before.



"You little silly!" cried one of the other boys. "Do you call that a goblin? That looks very much like a teakettle to my eyes."

"Hush!" said the third boy. "The priest is waking up. We had better get to work again."

The priest waked up and heard the busy lips of his pupils. "What good boys I have!" he thought. "Now while they are working I will just brew myself a cup of tea."

He lighted his little charcoal fire, filled his kettle with fresh water, and put it over the fire to heat.

Suddenly the kettle gave a leap up into the air, spilling the hot water all over the floor. "Hot, hot! I am burning," it cried, and like a flash it was no longer a kettle, but a little furry badger with a sharp nose, bushy tail, and four little feet.

"Oh, help! Oh, help! Here is a goblin!" shrieked the priest. In rushed the three boys to see what was the matter. They saw no kettle at all, but in its place was a very angry badger prancing and sputtering about the room.



They all took sticks and began to beat the badger, but it was again only a brass kettle that answered "Clang, clang!" to every blow.

When the priest saw that he could gain nothing by beating the kettle he began to

plan how he might get rid of it. Just then the tinker came by.

"That is my chance," thought the priest, so he called, "Tinker, tinker, come and see what I have for you. Here is an old kettle I found. It is no use to me, but you could mend it up and sell it."

The tinker saw that it was a good kettle, so he bought it and took it home. He pressed it carefully into shape again, and mended all the broken places. Once more it was a fine-looking kettle.

That night the tinker awoke and found a badger looking at him with his small bright eyes.

"Now see here, Mr. Tinker," said the badger; "I think that you are a kind man, so I have something to tell you. I am really a wonderful teakettle, and can turn into a badger whenever I wish, as you see. I can do other things, too, more wonderful than that."

The kind-hearted tinker said: "Well, if you are a badger you must want something to eat. What can I get for you?"

"Oh, I like a little sugar now and then," replied the badger, "and I don't like to be set



The tinker and his tight-rope dancing badger

on the fire or beaten with sticks. But I am sure that you will never treat me that way. If you wish to take me around to the different villages, I can sing and dance on the tight rope for you."

The tinker did this, and crowds came to see the wonderful kettle. Those who had seen it once came again, and those who had not seen it came to see why the people liked it so well.

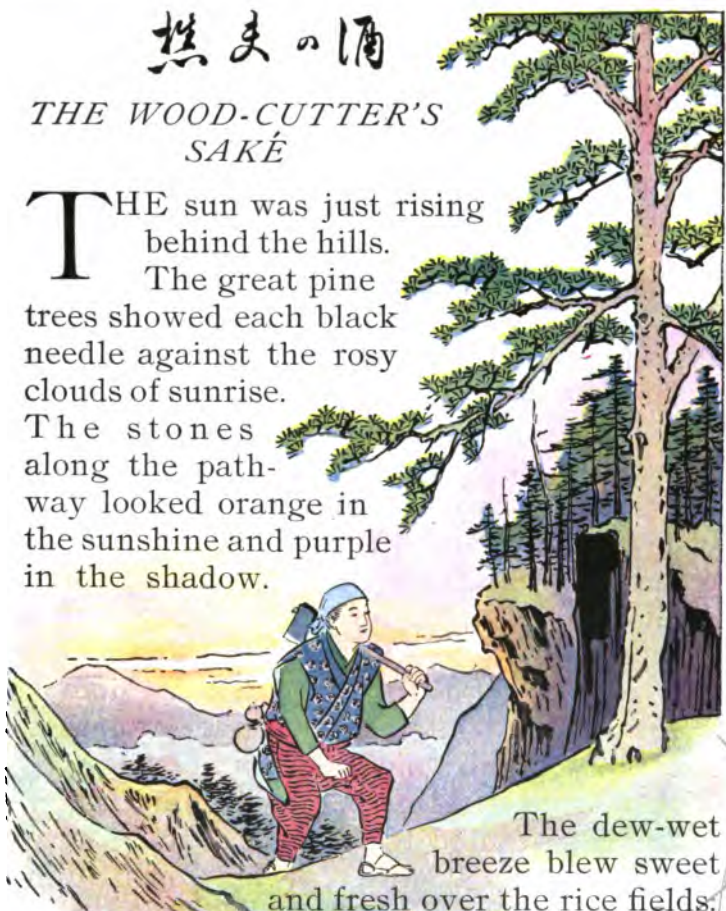
At last the tinker became rich. Then he put his beloved teakettle in a little temple on the top of a hill, where it might always rest and have all the sugar-plums it wanted.



樵夫の酒

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S SAKÉ

THE sun was just rising behind the hills. The great pine trees showed each black needle against the rosy clouds of sunrise. The stones along the path-way looked orange in the sunshine and purple in the shadow.



The dew-wet breeze blew sweet and fresh over the rice fields.

A poor wood-cutter was toiling up the mountain side. Every morning, almost

before the sun was up, he might be seen climbing to the wooded top of the mountain. No one worked so hard as this poor wood-cutter, yet no matter how hard he worked, there was never enough wood in his pile at night to please him.

This morning, as he walked along, he talked to himself. "It seems to make no difference how early I start or how late I work at night, I never have enough money to buy the things I wish for my old father and mother. Now at their age they need tea and sometimes a cup of saké."

So he set to work harder than before. It was very warm and he was very tired as well as hungry. Suddenly close by where he was chopping he saw a fat young badger fast asleep.

"Well!" thought the wood-cutter, "here is something I might take home to my father and mother. He would make a fine stew."

The more he looked at the sleeping badger the less he wanted to kill him. If he were awake it would be different, but to kill him asleep! The wood-cutter could not do it.

He said to himself, "No, I cannot kill him. I will just work harder, and see if I cannot

earn money enough to buy them something extra for to-morrow."

Just then the badger stood up. He did not run away as you might expect. He stood looking at the man. It almost seemed as though he smiled.

The wood-cutter stared at him with his mouth open. You do not expect the badger you are just going to kill to stand and smile at you. But this badger spoke, and this is what he said:

"Now, Mr. Wood-cutter,



you did well not to kill me. In the first place you could not do it. More than that, since you were good to me, I will be good to you. You cannot guess all the things I can do for you. But first, will you just go beyond that pine tree and bring me a smooth flat stone you find there."

The wood-cutter hurried to get the stone. When he reached the place there lay a rich feast all spread out on dainty dishes.

The wood-cutter thought of his father and mother. He wished he might take them just a bite of some of these dainties. He would not touch anything that was not his own, however, so he began to look for a smooth flat stone.

"He-he!" chuckled some one behind him. He looked around. It was the badger, laughing until his bushy tail shook.

"Does it not look good? Why don't you eat some?"

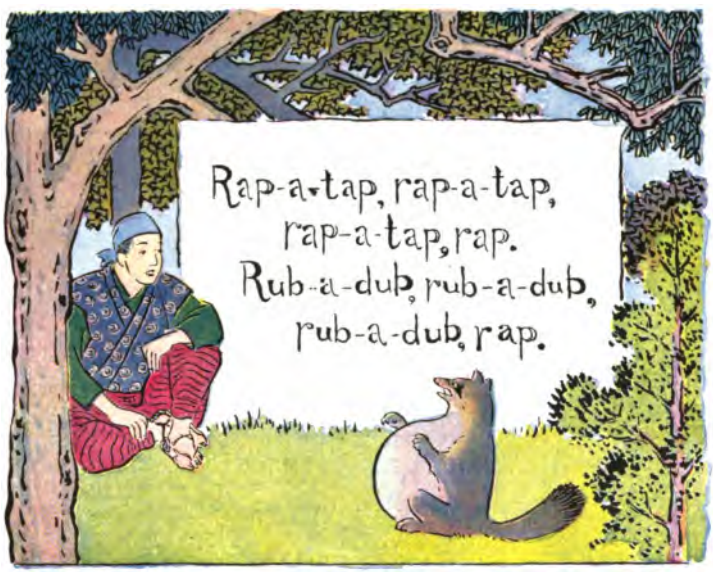
"Oh, I did not wish any for myself. I only wished that my poor old father and mother might have such a feast as that for once in their lives."

"Never mind, they are eating just such a one this minute."

The wood-cutter stared. "Why, we have only rice and water in the house," he said.

"They are eating just what you see here," said the badger.

"Where could they get it?"



"I sent it to them, and this is for you and me. So sit down quickly, for I am very hungry."

They sat down and ate and ate, now *dango*, or dumpling, now *gozen*, or boiled rice. Then

eggplant, saké, cakes, and fruits until the wood-cutter could eat no more.

The badger looked like a round fat dumpling himself, he was so full.

"Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap, rap.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rap."

It sounded like the music of the drum beating for the soldiers.

"Fan-ta-ra-ra-ra, fan-ta-ra-ra."

This was like the music for the dances.

"Ru-lo, re-lo, ru-le-o, re-lo."

It was the wailing of the sad sweet *samisen.*

Where did it all come from? The wood-cutter was looking everywhere but the right place. "Where does all this sweet music come from?" he asked the badger. Then he saw.

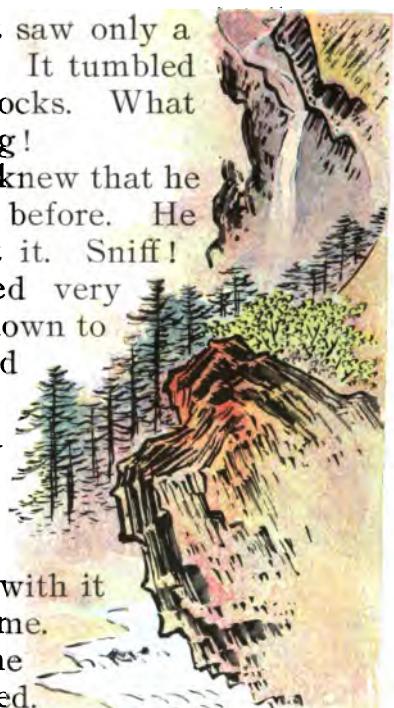
It was the badger drumming and strumming on his skin that was stretched until he looked like a dumpling.



With a chuckle the badger disappeared. The wood-cutter

looked for him, but saw only a beautiful waterfall. It tumbled in foam over the rocks. What a sweet song it sang!

The wood-cutter knew that he had never seen it before. He went up to look at it. Sniff! something smelled very good. He stooped down to drink of the cold sparkling water.



He drank and stared, then drank again. It was saké, as sure as could be. He filled his gourd with it and hastened home. "Father, here is some saké for you!" he cried.

He told his father all about the badger and the feast. Then his father told him about *his* feast, too.

The next morning when he started to work, you may be sure he did not forget his gourd. He was surprised to see a great crowd of

people going up the mountain. Before this he was the only one who would take that long, hard climb. They all had gourds in their hands, as many as they could carry.

Some one had listened at the wood-cutter's door the evening before, and heard him tell about the saké waterfall.

When they reached the place one of the men said: "Now, young man, since we happen to know about this place, you need not mind if we help ourselves first. We have to go back down the mountain to our work, so we are in a hurry. First, let us all have a drink together."

They all filled their gourds and took a long, deep drink. How they stared! The wood-cutter saw that something was wrong, so he slipped away and hid behind a big pine tree.

They took one more taste. "Water! That is only water!" all shouted at once. "Just wait until we get that scamp!" But they could not find him anywhere.

Down the hill they went again. They were angry to think of that long walk for nothing.

When they were gone the wood-cutter

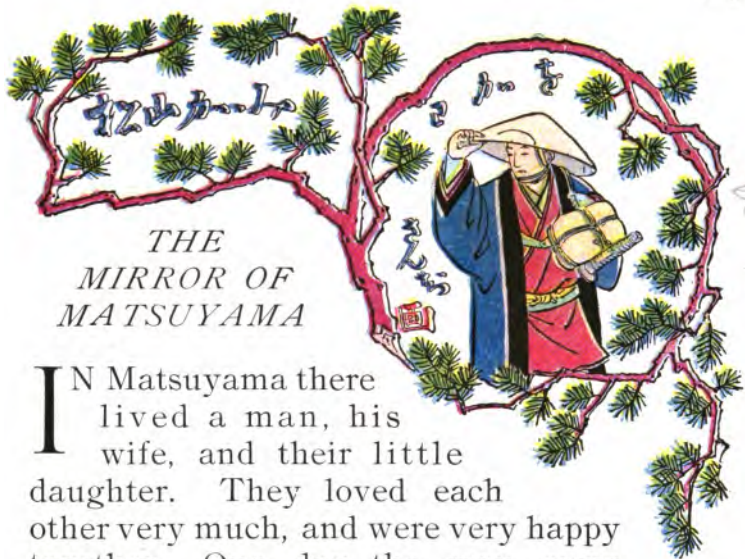


"Father, here is some saké for you"

slipped out and tasted the water again. It was saké, just as before.

After that, whenever the poor wood-cutter went there for a drink, or to fill the gourd for his father, the water tasted like the richest saké, but for others it was only water.





THE MIRROR OF MATSUYAMA

IN Matsuyama there lived a man, his wife, and their little daughter. They loved each other very much, and were very happy together. One day the man came home very sad. He had received a message from the Emperor, which said that he must take a journey to far-off Tokio.

They had no horses and in those days there were no railroads in Japan. The man knew that he must walk the whole distance. It was not the long walk that he minded, however. It was because it would take him many days from home.

Still he must obey his Emperor, so he made ready to start. His wife was very sorry that

he must go, and yet a little proud, too, for no one else in the village had ever taken so long a journey.

She and the baby walked with him down to the turn in the road. There they stood and watched him through their tears, as he followed the path up through the pines on the mountain side. At last, no larger than a speck, he disappeared behind the hills. Then they went home to await his return.

For three long weeks they waited. Each day they spoke of him, and counted the days until they should see his dear face again. At last the time came. They walked down to the turn in the road to wait for his coming. Upon the mountain side some one was walking toward them. As he came nearer they could see that it was the one for whom they waited.



The good wife could scarcely believe that

her husband was indeed safe home again. The baby girl laughed and clapped her hands to see the toys he brought her.

There was a tiny image of Uzume, the laughter-loving goddess. Next came a little red monkey of cotton, with a blue head. When she pressed the spring he ran to the top of the rod. Oh, how wonderful was the third gift! It was a *tombo,* or dragon fly. When she first looked at it she saw only a piece of wood shaped like T. The cross piece was painted with different bright colors. But the queer thing, when her father twirled it between his fingers, would rise in the air, dipping and hovering like a real dragon fly.

Last, of course, there was a *ninghio,* or doll, with a sweet face, slanting eyes, and such wonderful hair. Her name was O-Hina-San.

He told of the Feast of the Dead which he had seen in Tokio. He told of the beautiful lanterns, the Lanterns of the Dead; and the pine torches burning before each house. He told of the tiny boats made of barley straw and filled with food that are set floating away on the river, bearing two tiny lanterns to guide them to the Land of the Dead.

At last her husband handed the wife a small white box. "Tell me what you see inside," he said. She opened it and took out something round and bright.



On one side were buds and flowers of frosted silver. The other side at first looked as clear and bright as a pool of water. When

she moved it a little she saw in it a most beautiful woman.

"Oh, what a beautiful picture!" she cried. "It is of a woman and she seems to be smiling and talking just as I am. She has on a blue dress just like mine, too! How strange!"

Then her husband laughed and said:

"That is a mirror. It is yourself you see reflected in it. All the women in Tokio have them."

The wife was delighted with her present, and looked at it very often. She liked to see the smiling red lips, the laughing eyes, and beautiful dark hair.

After a while she said to herself: "How foolish this is of me to sit and gaze at myself in this mirror! I am not more beautiful than other women. How much better for me to enjoy others' beauty, and forget my own face. I shall only remember that it must always be happy and smiling or it will make no one else happy. I do not wish any cross or angry look of mine to make anyone sad."

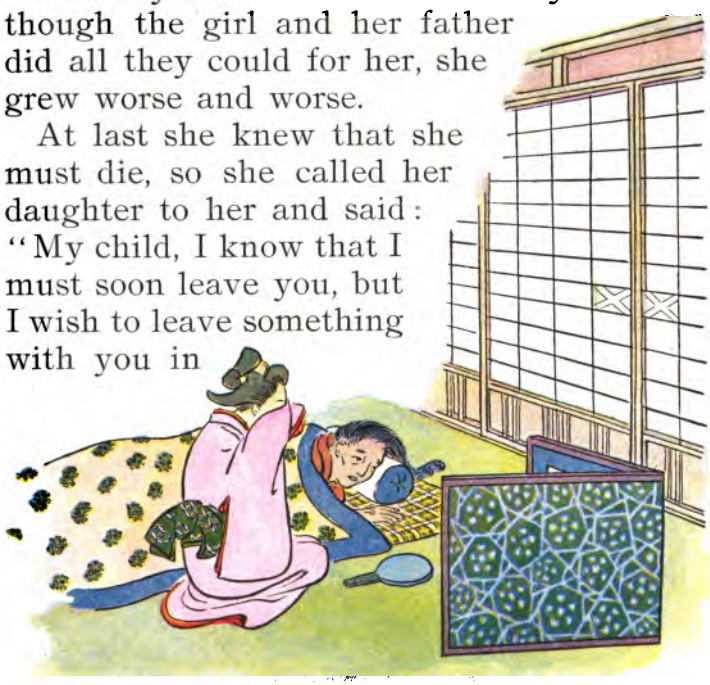
She put the mirror carefully away in its box. Only twice in a year she looked at it. Then it was to see if her face was still such as would make others happy.

The years passed by in their sweet and simple life until the baby had grown to be a big girl. Her *ninghio*, her *tombo*, the image of Uzume, even the cotton monkey, were put carefully away for her own children.

This girl was the very image of her mother. She was just as sweet and loving, just as kind and helpful.

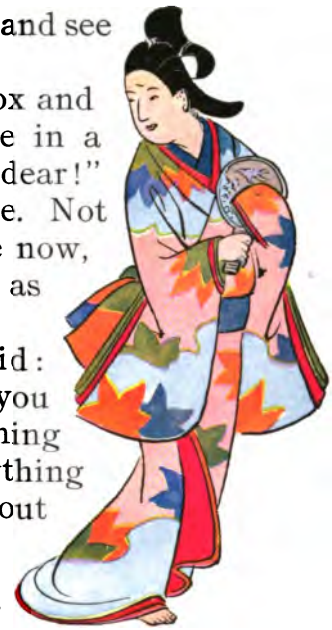
One day her mother became very ill. Although the girl and her father did all they could for her, she grew worse and worse.

At last she knew that she must die, so she called her daughter to her and said: "My child, I know that I must soon leave you, but I wish to leave something with you in



my place. Open this box and see what you find in it."

The girl opened the box and looked for the first time in a mirror. "Oh, mother dear!" she cried. "I see you here. Not thin and pale as you are now, but happy and smiling, as you have always been."



Then her mother said: "When I am gone, will you look in this every morning and every night? If anything troubles you, tell me about it. Always try to do right, so that you will see only happiness here."

Every morning when the sun rose and the birds began to twitter and sing, the girl rose and looked in her mirror. There she saw the bright, happy face that she remembered as her mother's.

Every evening when the shadows fell and the birds were asleep, she looked again. She told it all that had happened during the day. When it had been a happy day the face smiled back at her. When she was sad the face

looked sad, too. She was very careful not to do anything unkind, for she knew how sad the face would be then.

So each day she grew more kind and loving, and more like the mother whose face she saw each day and loved.



THE EIGHT-HEADED SERPENT

THE great god Susano walked by the river Hi. He walked for four days and saw no living thing. At evening on the fifth day he lay down to sleep in the bamboo thicket, close by the river's edge.

He dreamed that he saw a beautiful maiden floating down the river. A great monster rose from the water and was about to swallow her, but the god swam out and saved her.

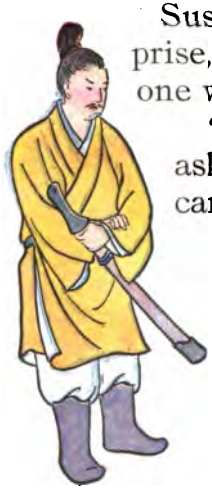
Susano wondered about his dream, and in the morning he said to himself: "In this beautiful land it seems strange that I find no living thing. I will go on up the river



to-day, but if by night I find no one, I will return to heaven once more."

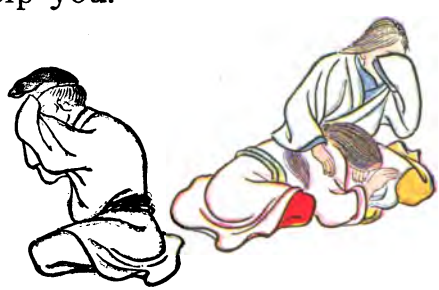
As he spoke something floated down the blue face of the river. It was a chop-stick. Then the god Susano knew that some one lived by the river, so he started on to search until he found them.

Toward evening he thought he heard the sound of voices. He hurried on, and as he turned a bend in the river he saw an old woman sitting by the edge of the water and weeping. Her husband and little daughter sat near her.



Susano looked at the girl in surprise, for she seemed to be the same one whom he had seen in his dream.

"What is your trouble?" he asked of the woman. "Perhaps I can help you."



The old woman answered: "No one can help us. Our beautiful daughter must go as her seven beautiful sisters have gone."

"But tell me all about it," said Susano, for he remembered how he had saved the maiden in his dream.

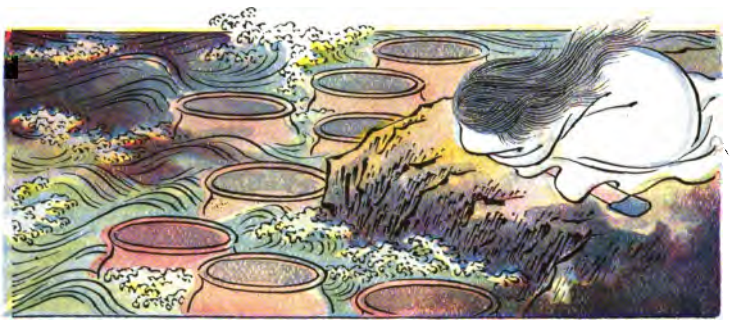
"There is a great monster who owns all this land," said the man. "He is a serpent eight miles long, and he has eight heads and eight tails. Each year, for seven years, he has come and carried off one of our daughters. Now there is only this one, the youngest, remaining. We know that he will soon come and carry her away, too. Nothing can save her."

Now Susano thought that so beautiful a maiden was too good for an eight-headed serpent, so he sat down and thought how he might save her. He sat by the river bank, under the feathery bamboo, and thought.

The blue face of the river turned to red and gold. Then Susano knew that the sun had set, but he did not look up. The light faded and all was dark. He knew the stars were shining, for he could see their tiny points of light reflected on the smooth surface of the water. Still he could think of no plan.

At last he said: "Morning thoughts are best. I will sleep now, and perhaps in the morning I can think of some plan."

In the morning he was up with the first light of the sun. The old woman brought him food, but he ate nothing. He sat by the water's edge, under the feathery bamboo, and thought and thought.



Just as the sun was sinking again he went to the old man and woman.

"Weep no more," he said. "I have thought of a plan to save your daughter. We will get up early in the morning and go to work, but to-night we will sleep, for we need rest."

The next morning they were at work long before light. The old woman prepared a rich soup in eight huge kettles. Susano and the old man made a great wall, having eight

gates in it. Before each gate they set a kettle of the soup. Then Susano bruised some leaves which he found by the river-side and put them in the soup. A delicious odor arose from each kettle of soup and floated over the mountains.

Very soon they heard a great roar. "Be quick! Hide yourself!" cried the old man. "It is the eight-headed serpent. He has smelled the soup and is coming to get some."

With a noise like thunder the great serpent dragged himself over eight hills. His eight tails writhed along the ground or whipped through the air. Eight red tongues darted from his eight great mouths.

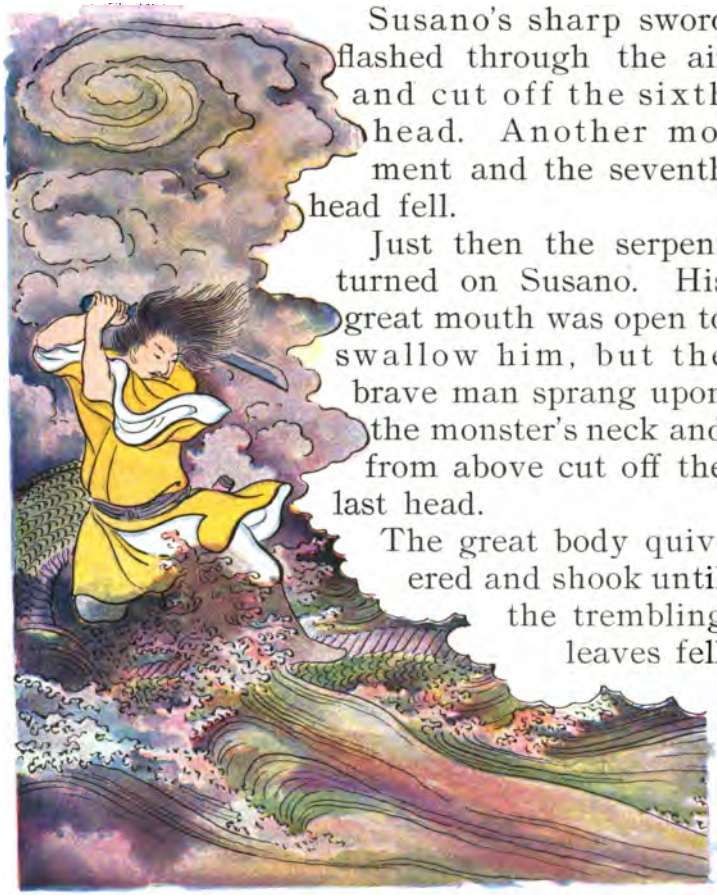
His eight heads poked through the eight gates in the wall, and in a moment the soup was disappearing.

Susano stole up, and with one blow of his sword cut off the first head of the serpent. In a moment another head was gone, then another and another.

The serpent was angry, but he would rather lose a few heads than forego the soup. Perhaps Susano had put something in the soup to make him think so.

Whiz! and the tails lashed about. Whiz!

and Susano's sharp sword cut off the fifth head. The snake was furious with pain, but still trying to get the last few drops of soup that were left.



Susano's sharp sword flashed through the air and cut off the sixth head. Another moment and the seventh head fell.

Just then the serpent turned on Susano. His great mouth was open to swallow him, but the brave man sprang upon the monster's neck and from above cut off the last head.

The great body quivered and shook until the trembling leaves fell

down from the trees. At last it lay quite still, and they knew that the serpent would never trouble them again.

Then Susano took the maiden up to the Land of the Smiling Heaven. There they lived, always looking down upon the earth to see who were in trouble and helping them.





THE STOLEN CHARM

A LITTLE boy sat on the sand at the foot of an old pine tree.

"Pish, pish," whispered the pine tree as the spring wind swept through its needles.

"Swish, swish," said the waves as they chased each other up to the yellow sand. "Swish, swish," said each wave as it threw its armful of white foam at the foot of the boy.

The boy heard the whisper of the pine tree and the splash of the waves, but he looked far out over the water. He was looking for the white Foam Fairy who came each day to play with him.



At last she came, riding on the top of the highest wave. In her

hand she held something which shone in the sun like a drop of dew.

She sat down on the sand with the boy. For a long time she sat watching the waves and the sea birds and the soft white clouds.

At last she said: "Little boy, we have played here together for many weeks. Now I must go away to another land, so I have come to say good-by. Do you see this tiny silver ship I have brought you? It is a charm and will always keep you well and happy."

The boy looked up to say good-by, but could see only the rainbow that gleamed in the spray of the waves.

She was gone, but close by his hand lay a tiny silver ship that shone in the sun like a drop of dew. The boy picked it up and walked slowly to his home.

"See, mother," he said, "here is a tiny silver ship which the Foam Fairy gave to me."

"That is a charm, my boy," said his mother. "You must always keep it, for it is very precious."

Then he showed the charm to his two pets, the furry little Fox-cub and the fuzzy little

Puppy. They sniffed and blinked at it very wisely, as though they knew all about it.

Weeks passed and spring warmed into summer. One evening the boy became very ill. His mother went to fetch the silver charm, for that would make him well again. It was gone! Who could have taken it?



The furry little Fox-cub and the fuzzy little Puppy were very sad.

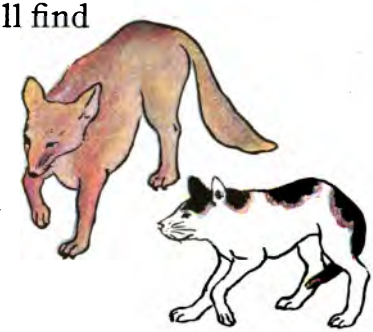
They sat in the dusk and blinked at the fire-flies flashing among the trees. They blinked at the stars in the far-away sky. Their sharp little noses twitched as they smelled the sweet dew on the flowers.

They thought of their poor sick master and wondered how they could help him.

At last the Fox-cub said: "I believe the Ogre must have stolen the charm. Let's go and see."

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid of ogres," said the Puppy, with her tail between her legs. "How would we ever get it if he did have it?"

"Come along. We'll find a way," said the Fox-cub.



They crept softly along the path which led up the hill to the house of the Ogre. On the way they met the Rat.



"Where are you going?" squealed the Rat.

"We are going to the house of the Ogre, to see if he has stolen our master's charm," said the Fox-cub.

"And I don't know how we'll ever get it if he has it," whined the Puppy, with her tail between her legs.

"I'll go, too," said the Rat. "I know how you can get it. Just you wait here by this tree until I creep up to the house. When I am by the window you make a dreadful noise and then run for your lives. I'll meet you at the foot of the hill."

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid," sniffed the Puppy.

"Never mind, he won't hurt you," said the Fox-cub.

They waited by the pine tree until the Rat

was close to the house. Then they made a noise like all sorts of monsters, and turned and ran for their lives.

By and by the Rat came, too.

"I know where it is!" he cried. "He has the charm and he keeps it in the pocket of his sleeve. I know it is there, for when you screamed he felt in his pocket the first thing to see that it was safe. Now we'll wait till he gets over being frightened, and then we'll go back and get it."

Soon they were by the pine tree again. Then the Rat said: "Now, you Fox-cub, change yourself into a little boy, and Puppy, into a little girl. Then both go in and dance for the Ogre. Dance for your lives, and keep on dancing until I am down the hill again."

"Oh, dear! I'm so afraid of ogres," said the Puppy.

"Never mind. Dance for your life and he won't hurt you," said the Fox-cub.

Then the Rat hid himself in the folds of the girl's long dress.

The boy and the girl walked up to the door of the house.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may we dance for you?" they asked.



"They danced their very best"

Now the Ogre was very tired and very cross, so a dance was just what he wanted to see. He said: "Yes, but if you don't dance well, I'll eat you."

They danced their very best and the Ogre was so interested that he did not see the little Rat slip from the girl's dress and crawl under his sleeve.

He did not hear the Rat gnaw through the cloth, nor see him as he slipped away with the tiny silver ship in his mouth.



When the Rat was safely down the hill, the girl and boy suddenly disappeared. The Ogre never knew what became of them. Like a flash they were only a Fox-cub and a Puppy, running and tumbling down the hill as fast as they could.

They thanked the Rat for his help, and then ran to their master with the silver ship.

"Dear master!" they cried, "here is your charm. Now you will be well once more."

Sure enough the boy did get well and lived long after the furry little Fox-cub was a grown-up Fox and the fuzzy little Puppy was a grandmother Dog. But the Dog still puts her tail between her legs whenever you talk about ogres.



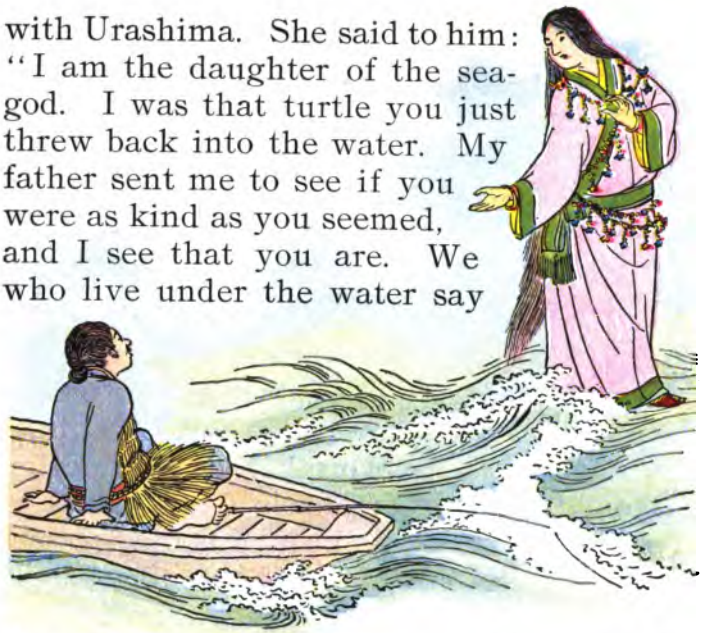
URASHIMA

MANY years ago a boy lived down by the sea, where the great green waves came riding in to break on the shore in clouds of salty spray. This boy, Urashima, loved the water as a brother, and was often out in his boat from purple dawn to russet evening. One day as he was fishing, something tugged at his line, and he pulled in. It was not a fish, as he expected, but a wrinkled old turtle.

"Well," said Urashima, "if I cannot get a fish for my dinner, at least I will not keep this old fellow from all the dinners he has yet to come." For in Japan they say that all the turtles live to be a thousand years old.

So the kind-hearted Urashima tumbled him back into the water, and what a splash he made! But from the spray there seemed to rise a beautiful girl who stepped into the boat

with Urashima. She said to him: "I am the daughter of the sea-god. I was that turtle you just threw back into the water. My father sent me to see if you were as kind as you seemed, and I see that you are. We who live under the water say



that those who love the sea can never be unkind. Will you come with us to the dragon palace far below the green waves?"

Urashima was very glad to go, so each took an oar and away they sped.

Long before the sun had sunk behind the purple bars of evening, Urashima and the Dragon Princess had reached the twilight depths of the under sea. The fishes scudded about them through branches of coral and



"The palace of seashell and pearl, of coral and emerald"

trailing ropes of seaweed. The roar of the waves above came to them only as a trembling murmur, to make the silence sweeter.

Here was the dragon palace of seashell and pearl, of coral and emerald. It gleamed with all the thousand lights and tints that lurk in the depths of the water. Fishes with silver fins were ready to come at their wish. The daintiest foods that the ocean holds for her children were served to them. Their waiters were seven dragons, each with a golden tail.

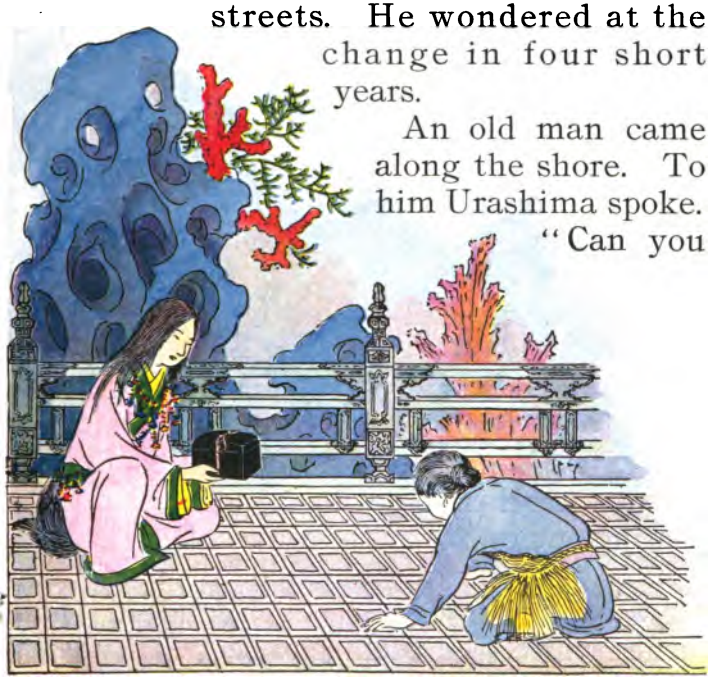
Urashima lived in a dream of happiness with the Dragon Princess for four short years. Then he remembered his home, and longed to see his father and his kindred once again. He wished to see the village streets and the wave-lapped stretch of sand where he used to play.

He did not need to tell the princess of his wish, for she knew it all, and said: "I see that you long for your home once more; I will not keep you, but I fear to have you go. Still I know you will wish to come back, so take this box and let nothing happen to it, for if it is opened you can never return."

She then placed him in his boat and the lapping waves bore him up and away until

his prow crunched on the sand where he used to play.

Around that bend in the bay stood his father's cottage, close by the great pine tree. But as he came nearer he saw neither tree nor house. He looked around. The other houses, too, looked strange. Strange children were peering at him. Strange people walked the streets. He wondered at the change in four short years.



An old man came along the shore. To him Urashima spoke. "Can you

tell me, sir, where the cottage of Urashima has gone?"

"Urashima?" said the old man. "Urashima! Why, don't you know that he was drowned four hundred years ago, while out fishing? His brothers, their children, and their children's children have all lived and died since then. Four hundred years ago it was, on a summer day like this, they say."

Gone! His father and mother, his brothers and playmates, and the cottage he loved so well. How he longed to see them; but he must hurry back to the dragon palace, for now that was his only home. But how should he go? He walked along the shore, but could not remember the way to take. Forgetting the promise he had made to the princess, he took out the little pearl box and opened it. From it a white cloud seemed to rise, and as it floated away he thought he saw the face of the Dragon Princess. He called to her, reached for her, but the cloud was already floating far out over the waves.

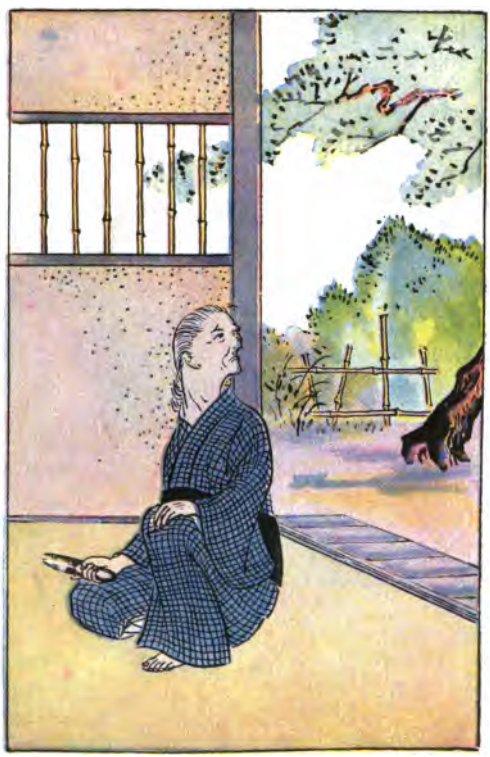
As it floated away he suddenly seemed to grow old. His hands shook and his hair turned white. He seemed to be melting away to join the past in which he had lived.

When the new moon hung her horn of light in the branches of the pine tree, there was only a small pearl box on the sandy rim of shore, and the great green waves were lifting white arms of foam as they had done four hundred years before.



舌切すゞめ

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW



IN a little old house in a little old village in Japan lived a little old man and his little old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of all Japanese houses, she saw, on the doorstep, a poor little sparrow. She took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew

was dried from his wings. Afterward she let him go, so that he might fly home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning, when the pink on the mountain tops told that the sun was near, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at work. But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little sparrow flew away to his home, but he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet she was very sad. She said to her husband: "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives? Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

In this way they followed until they came to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first could see no one to ask.

At last they saw a Bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "Oh, friend Bat, do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain," said the Bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

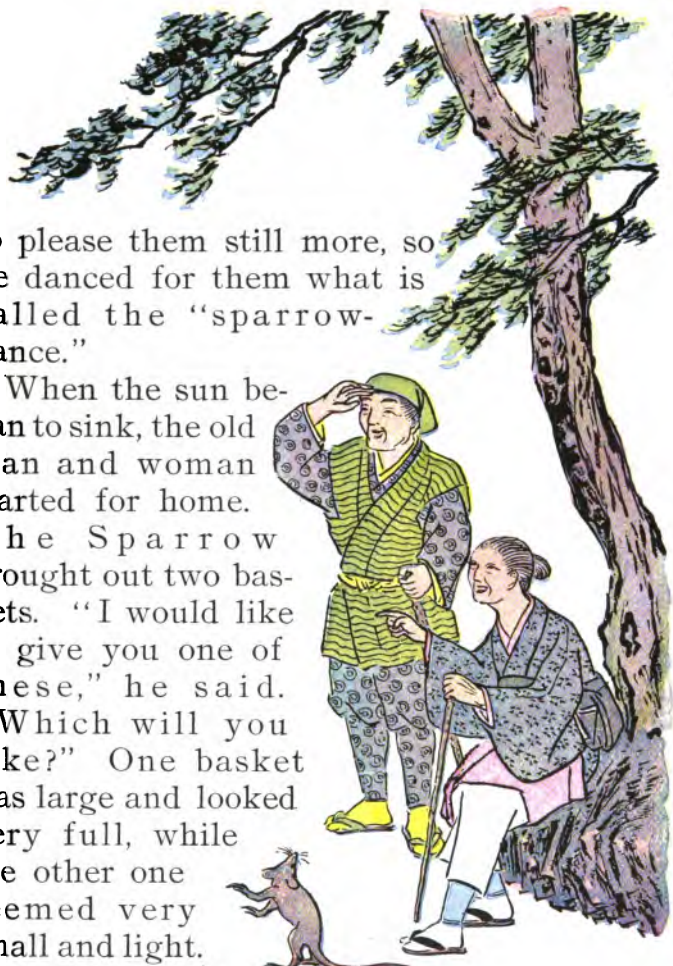
They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads and did not know which one to take. A little Field Mouse peeped through the leaves and grass, so they asked him: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the Field Mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming the poor little Sparrow was very happy indeed. He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads down to the ground to show their respect. Then the Sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into his house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them boiled rice, fish, cress, and saké.

After they had feasted, the Sparrow wished



to please them still more, so he danced for them what is called the "sparrow-dance."

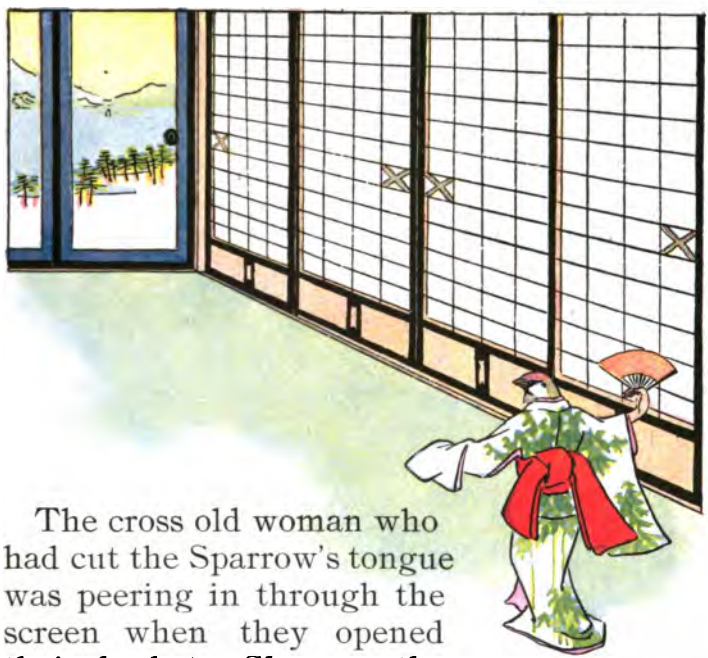
When the sun began to sink, the old man and woman started for home. The Sparrow brought out two baskets. "I would like to give you one of these," he said. "Which will you take?" One basket was large and looked very full, while the other one seemed very small and light. The old people



thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the Sparrow's treasure in it, so they said: "The way is long and we are very old, so please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home they decided to open the basket and see what the Sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich, so they were more grateful than ever to the Sparrow.



The cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and the piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said: "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your Sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him I am sorry."

The kind woman told her the way and she set out. She went across the bridge, over the

mountain, and through the woods. At last she came to the home of the little Sparrow.

He was not so glad to see this old woman, yet he was very kind to her and did everything to make her feel welcome. They made a feast for her, and when she started home the Sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the large basket, for she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to step.

When at last she reached home she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.



"Rolls of silk and piles of gold"

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the pests. The moment the door was opened they swooped down upon her, picked her up, and flew away with her. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the old woman.





SHIPPEITARO

BRAVE SOLDIER was the name of a very brave man in Japan. One time he was going on a long journey. He had to go through woods and over mountains. He crossed rivers and plains. Near the end of his journey he came to a great forest. The trees were so thick and tall that the sun could never enter there.

All day Brave Soldier hurried along the mossy path that led among the great tree trunks. He said to himself, "I must reach the next village before dark or else I can find no place to sleep to-night." So he hastened on along the narrow path.

After a time he seemed to be going up a mountain side. As he hurried on it seemed to grow darker and darker. Brave Soldier knew that it was not late enough for night to be coming on. "There must be a storm coming," said Brave Soldier to himself, "for I hear the trees sighing and rustling. Now I

must hurry, for I do not care to be out in a storm."

So Brave Soldier walked as fast as he could, and hoped that he would soon come to a village. The wind rushed through the tree tops, and the rain hammered on the leaves far above him.

It was so dark that Brave Soldier could hardly follow the path. "If I do not soon find some house or village, I shall lie down here under the trees for the night. They are my friends and will not allow any harm to come to me."

He had no more than said this when he came to a clearing in the trees. It was not quite so dark here, and Brave Soldier saw some kind of a house standing in the middle of the open space. He went to it and found that it was an old ruined temple. It looked as though only bats had been there for a hundred years.

No palace ever seemed more welcome to anyone than this old ruined temple did to the tired traveler. He found the corner where the roof leaked the least, curled up in his cloak, and was soon fast asleep.

In the middle of the night a terrible noise



"He curled up and was soon fast asleep"

awakened him. Such shrieking and yowling! It sounded like an army of cats, each trying to see who could make the most noise. When at last they stopped for a moment, perhaps to catch breath, Brave Soldier heard a voice say, "Remember, don't tell this to Shippeitaro. All is lost if Shippeitaro knows about it."

"I wonder what they are up to," thought Brave Soldier. "I will just remember that name Shippeitaro, for he seems to be quite an important person around here. It is possible that I may meet him some day." Then he turned over and went to sleep.

In the morning when he awakened, the storm was past and the sun was shining. Now he had no trouble in finding his way, and soon came to a village.

On all sides he heard a sound of weeping and crying. All were dressed in white, a sign that some one is dead or dying.

"What is the matter? Who is dead?" he asked of an old man who sat by the roadside. Instead of answering, the old man pointed to a little cottage at the end of the street.

Some little children were sitting in the doorway of a house. Brave Soldier said to them:

"Can you tell me, little ones, why all the people in this village are weeping?"

The children, too, only pointed to the same house at the end of the street.

When the soldier came to this house he saw an old man and an old woman weeping as though their hearts were broken. A little girl was trying to comfort them.

"Do not weep so, dear grandmother," she said. "I am not afraid to go. I am sorry to leave you, but some one must go, and the other women in the village will take care of you when I am gone."



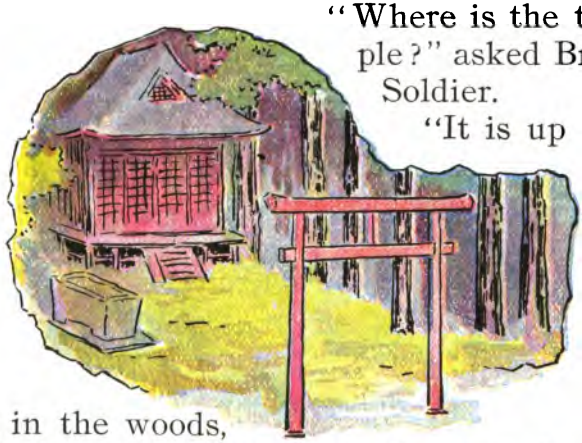


"What is the matter?" asked Brave Soldier, coming up just then. "Where are you going and why are all weeping so?"

"I am going up to the temple to-night," answered the girl. "Every year some one

must go or else the monster will destroy the village. There is no one else to go this year, so I will go. They will put me in that basket you see by the door, and carry me up to an old temple in the woods and leave me there. I don't know what happens then, for those who have gone have never come back."

"Where is the temple?" asked Brave Soldier.



"It is up that hill in the woods," said the girl, pointing to the very temple where he had spent the night.

Brave Soldier remembered what he had heard there the night before, and he also remembered the name he had heard.

"Is there anyone around here by the name of Shippeitaro?" he asked.

"Shippeitaro? Why, that's our dog, and

he is the nicest dog you ever saw, too." Just then a long, lean black dog came up and began to lick the hand of his mistress.

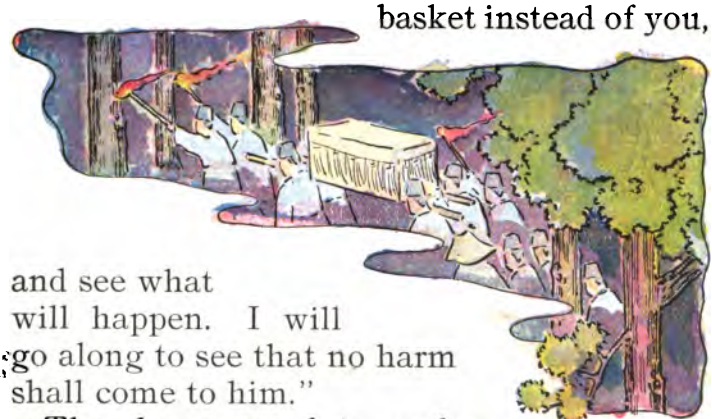
"This is Shippeitaro," said the girl; "is he not a fine fellow? Everyone loves him."

"Yes, indeed, he is a brave-looking dog," answered the man. "I want to borrow just such a dog as that for one night. Would you let me have him for so long?"

"If you will bring him back, for he must stay here to take care of grandmother and grandfather," said the girl.

Then Brave Soldier told her what he had heard in that same temple the night before.

"I mean to put that brave dog into the basket instead of you,



and see what will happen. I will go along to see that no harm shall come to him."

The dog seemed to under-

stand what was wanted, and acted as though he was glad to go.

They put him into the basket which had taken so many beautiful maidens to their death. Just before dark they carried him up through the listening woods to the temple. All but the soldier were afraid to stay, but he took out his good sword and lay calmly down.

At midnight he heard the same frightful noises. He looked out and saw a troop of cats led by a large fierce-looking tomcat. They gathered about the basket and tore open the cover. Out sprang the good Shippeitaro, with every hair bristling. He seized the tomcat, who was really the monster, and made short work of him.

When the other cats saw their leader killed they turned and fled like leaves before the wind.

Then the soldier took the brave dog back to his mistress, and told the people how he had done what no man could have done, and saved the village from the monster.

Do you wonder that all the people love Shippeitaro, and love to have his picture over their doors? They think that it will frighten away all evil.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

EVERY story read by children should be made as real to them as possible. A child's first impulse is to live the story he hears. This impulse should be used by the teacher. During the rest period let the children play the story they have read earlier in the day. Encourage them to plan the action, the "stage settings," etc., very carefully before they begin, so that they can carry the story through correctly and without interruption.

In preparing to act a story the children should first of all retell it. This retelling is the best means of increasing the child's vocabulary, improving his habits of speech, and giving him self-possession and the ability to express himself easily and well.

After acting and telling the story the children are ready to tell it on paper. Give them the new words they need *as they find they need them*, and use the same list for the spelling lesson of the day. It is easier for children to learn the correct use of capitals, periods, and paragraphs when they first begin to write than to wait until they have formed the habit of writing carelessly. Encourage the children to seek for the

best way of expressing a thought. Reading the written story to the other children for their suggestions and criticisms is helpful.



ART WORK

The art work should always be founded on the general work of the room. Stories offer a great fund of material, and expressing his ideas of a story in some form adds to the child's interest as well as to his understanding of what he reads.

MAKING AND MODELING

First in importance comes the making of models, either with clay or cardboard, wood, etc., of the things about which they read. Let them construct a tiny Japanese village on the sand table. Use wooden splints or very heavy cardboard for the framework of the houses, paper for the sides, and grass for the roofs. The animals and children can be made from clay or paper, or real dolls dressed in Japanese costumes.

DRAWING, PAINTING, DESIGNING, AND CUTTING

Color appeals to children, and for that reason they should be allowed to use colors. Painting alone, however, soon leads to careless, indefinite work—hence it should be combined with drawing and paper cutting, both of which help to emphasize form. Too little is usually done with designing in the primary grades. This was the first form of art invented by primitive man in the childhood of the race. And it will be found that children who are not ready for illustrative work are often very apt at designing. They will enjoy making designs for cups and saucers, screens, fans, swords, and the like.

COLLECTIONS

Encourage the children to make a collection of pictures of Japan and the Japanese, of newspaper and magazine articles, and of all sorts of Japanese curios. It is surprising how much can be obtained in this way, and what an addition it is to information and enthusiasm. Its greatest benefit, however, is in encouraging the children to go after the information they want themselves, instead of waiting for it to be brought to them ready-made and predigested.

A JAPANESE DAY

The children will enjoy a "Japanese day." Let them find out all they can about Japanese schools, and then play they are in Japan for half an hour. Let each tell what he saw on the way to school, the houses, the people, the stores, etc.

A Japanese luncheon, with a lesson on cooking rice and making tea, has been tried with success. Let the children eat the rice with chopsticks they have made out of wood.



SPECIAL SUGGESTIONS

The following suggestions for subjects and treatments may be of help in the art work:

The Wonderful Teakettle. *Page 11.*

Draw a teakettle, make a model of the temple, model the teakettle in clay and change it into a badger. Make a design for cup and saucers.

The Wood-Cutter's Saké. *Page 19.*

Paint the wood-cutter going up the mountain-side, draw or cut out the badger, the gourd, and the dishes used at the feast. Paint the wonderful waterfall.

The Mirror of Matsuyama. *Page 29.*

Introduce perspective. Why did the man disappear in the distance? Which looks larger, a tree near by or one far away?

Paint a scene in Tokio.

Make a lantern, painting paper for the sides.

The Eight-Headed Serpent. *Page 37.*

Make chopsticks from wood. Paint the bamboo thicket and the river at sunset. Draw the Eight-Headed Serpent.

The Stolen Charm. *Page 44.*

Draw, paint, or model the dog, the fox cub, the ship, the foam fairy, and the ogre. Let the children, for recreation, try the Japanese dance, which consists in swaying and posturing to represent some story or phase of nature. The feet are rarely moved.

Urashima. *Page 51.*

Model a turtle, draw or paint the boy fishing, the palace in the ocean, the cottage by the pine tree. For the game, practice the motions of rowing.

The Tongue-Cut Sparrow. *Page 58.*

Draw or paint the sparrow, the bat, the mouse, and the baskets. Design the screens of the house. Make the screens, using thin strips of wood or cardboard for the frames.

Shippeitaro. *Page 67.*

Draw the forest and temple, the cats and Shippeitaro. Make a pasteboard model of the temple.

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